

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 4241.-VOL. CLVII.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1920.

ONE SHILLING.

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HOLDING AN ANXIOUS POST JUST NOW: GENERAL SIR NEVIL MACREADY, COMMANDING IN IRELAND.

Ceneral Sir Nevil Macready, Commander - in - Chief in Ireland, served in Egypt, South Africa, and the Great War. He was Commissioner of Metropolitan Police until he went to Ireland last March. On May 17 he said this at a

presentation of medals to the Irish Constabulary: "You may be quite sure that everything that is possible for the military to do to assist the civil police and the civil power shall and will be done,"

DRAWN BY JOSEPH SIMPSON. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THINGS THAT HAVE ALREADY HAPPENED "ON THE OTHER SIDE": INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT TROUBLES IN IRELAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., I.B., NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, AND TOPICAL.

























- OUTSIDE A BELFAST PUBLIC-HOUSE.
- 2. BURNED OUT AFTER AN ATTACK BY RIOTERS: THE GUTTED RUINS OF TUAM TOWN HALL, CO. GALWAY, IN CONNAUGHT.
- 3. LOOKING NOT UNLIKE A SHATTERED DWELLING-HOUSE IN ONE OF THE FLANDERS BATTLE AREAS: WRECKED PROPERTY IN TUAM.
- 1. SET ABLAZE OUT OF SHEER DESTRUCTIVENESS: BARRELS OF SPIRITS ON FIRE 4. NEAR THE CENTRE OF THE FIERCEST OF THE BELFAST RIOTING: SINN FEIN FLAGS FLYING OVER HOUSES IN THE KASHMIR ROAD DISTRICT.
 - 5. AFTER THE RIOTERS HAD SMASHED IN THE FRONT: NAILING BOARDS OVER A BALLYMACARRETT SHOP-WINDOW, BELFAST, IN CASE THE RIOTERS RETURNED. 6. A CAUSE OF BELFAST TROUBLE—THE MURDER OF COLONEL SMYTH BY SINN FEINERS AT CORK: THE MILITARY FUNERAL SERVICE AT VICTORIA BARRACKS, CORK
- 8. THE SCENE OF THE MURDER OF COLONEL SMYTH, DIVISIONAL COMMISSIONER OF POLICE FOR MUNSTER: THE COUNTY CLUB, CORK. 9- WOUNDED IN CORK COUNTY CLUB WHEN COLONEL SMYTH WAS SHOT : COUNTY IN

GOODS WAGONS WITH ARMY STORES ABLAZE.

- SPECTOR CRAIG, R.I.C., IN HOSPITAL, WITH HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER BY HIS BED.
- 7. THE SINN FEIN INCENDIARIES' RAID AT KINGSBRIDGE RAILWAY TERMINUS, DUBLIN: | 10. SOLDIERS ON DUTY TO PROTECT THE JUDGES DURING CORK ASSIZES, AS AT ASSIZE TOWNS ALL OVER IRELAND: A LEWIS GUN WITH SAND-BAG BARRICADES AT THE COURT HOUSE ENTRANCE.
 - 11. IN KASHMIR ROAD DISTRICT, BELFAST, WHERE BROTHER MORGAN, A MONK OF THE REDEMPTIONIST ORDER, BELONGING TO CLONARD MONASTERY, WAS KILLED ON JULY 21: A MOB WRECKING A CONFECTIONER'S SHOP.

According to Sir Hamar Greenwood's statement in Parliament on July 26, 18 people were killed at Belfast, 200 wounded, and as many rioters arrested. For the time being, apparently, thanks to the measures of the military and police, order has been restored. In regard to the rest of Ireland, it is to be hoped that the Prime Minister's fears, as expressed at his meeting with the Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee deputation at the House of Commons on July 22, may not be justified. Mr. Lloyd George said: "I am very sure things are going to happen on the other side, and things will become very much worse and very much sterner. They must." The Kashmir Road district, houses in which are shown with Sinn Fein flags flying, and the Ballymacarrett and Newtownards districts, Bellast, were the worst centres in the riots. Numbers of

Feiners. Friction between them and the Beliast Orangemen culminated, according to a "Times" correspondent, on naws arriving of the murder of Colonel Smyth, a widely known Ulsterman, at the Cork County Club on July 19. The Club building, in South Mall Street, Cork, is shown above; also the scene at Victoria Barracks, Cork, at the funeral service for the dead officer. The coffin is being borne to a motor which was to convey it to Dublin. The burning of the railway wagons with military stores took place at Kingsbridge Station, Dublin, on July 19, the guard and sentries being surprised and overpowered by Sinn Feiners who drove up quietly in motor-cars.

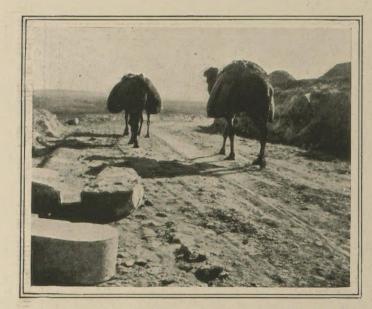
BELFAST DURING THE RECENT RIOTS: DISTURBANCES DURING WHICH 18 WERE KILLED AND 200 WOUNDED.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



- 1. A LIGHTER INTERLUDE DURING STERNER WORK: A GIRL WITH A UNION JACK AT A MILITARY 2. THE MOB LOOTING SPIRIT STORES: AN ATTACK ON "YE OLD
- BARBED WIRE BARRICADE IN SEAFORD STREET. (WHICH WAS AFTERWARDS SET 4. BOOT-SHOPS DISPLAYING UNION JACKS ATTRACT LOOTERS: A MOB ATTACKING PREMISES AT 5. A BATTLE ROUND A TRAM, FROM WHICH A WORKMAN IS BEING THE CORNER OF PITT STREET IN NEWTOWNARDS ROAD.
- As mentioned on our other double-page illustrating, by photographs, the riots in Belfast from July 20 to 23, the casualties included 18 people killed and about 200 injured. As incultance or our order conservage insustance, by processages, the roots in benast tron July 20 to 23, the causimes included 15 people knee and about a Political and religious animosity, combined with a great deal of pure hooliganism, contributed towards the disorder. The troops, without siding, of course, with either party, did excelent work in restoring order under very difficult conditions, and they were assisted in the task by organised patrols of Orangemen. The chief centre of trouble was the Ballymacarrett district and the Newtownards Road. A local account of the disturbances says: "Barbed-wire entanglements were crecited at the head of a number of side
- ON FIRE) IN THE BACKGROUND.
- THROWN: SINN FEINERS, INCLUDING WOMEN WITH POLES, ATTACKING
- JUDGE BAR," NEWTOWNARDS ROAD ST. MATTHEW'S (R.C.) CHURCH 3. "PLAYING WITH FIRE": A BURNING PIANO BEING FLAYED DURING A BONFIRE OF LOTED FURNITURE IN THE BALLYMACARRETT DISTRICT.
 - 6. LOOTERS DISPERSED BY A MILITARY NOTOR PATROL IN NEWTOWNARD ROAD AN INSTANCE OF GOOD WORK BY THE TROOPS IN RESTORING ORDER.
- of countiess Union Jacks, which fluttered from shop windows and private residences. . . As darkness fell, the opportunity for the looters arrived. The boot shop of Messrs. Dick was forced open, and also those of Messrs. McNeilly and Messrs. Tyler. Gangs surged into the shops, and, those outside becoming impatient, crash went the windows and the stocks

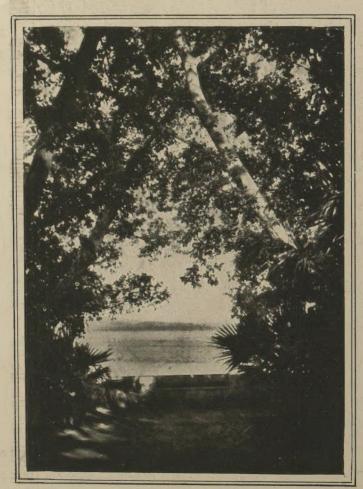
THE REAL "GARDEN OF ALLAH": ORIGINALS OF DRURY LANE SCENES.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE CARAVAN SCENE AT DRURY LANE: LOADED CAMELS ON THE ROAD AT BISKRA.

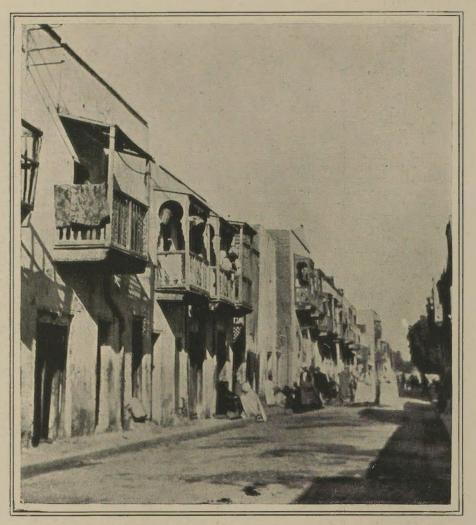


SIMILAR TO THAT USED IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH" AT DRURY LANE: AN ACTUAL CAMEL PALANQUIN AT BISKRA.

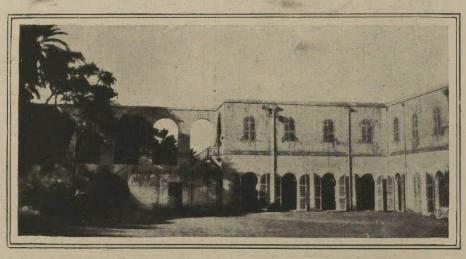


TO COMPARE WITH "THE GARDEN OF COUNT ANTEONI" SCENE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: THE DESERT VIEW FROM THE REAL GARDEN.

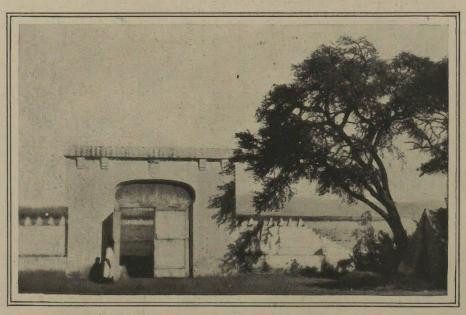
It is extremely interesting to compare the above photographs, which were taken recently at Biskra, an Algerian town on the fringe of the Sahara, with the scenes from "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane, illustrated on the page opposite, and with the drawings of the same play given in our issue of July 3. Biskra is the "Beni-Mora" of Mr. Robert Hichens's drama, and there are the originals



THE ORIGINAL OF THE "STREET OF THE OULED NAÏLS, IN BENI-MORA," AT DRURY LANE:
A STREET IN BISKRA, ALGERIA.



THE ORIGINAL OF COUNT ANTEONI'S VILLA IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH": A HOUSE AT BISKRA, WITH ITS GARDEN.

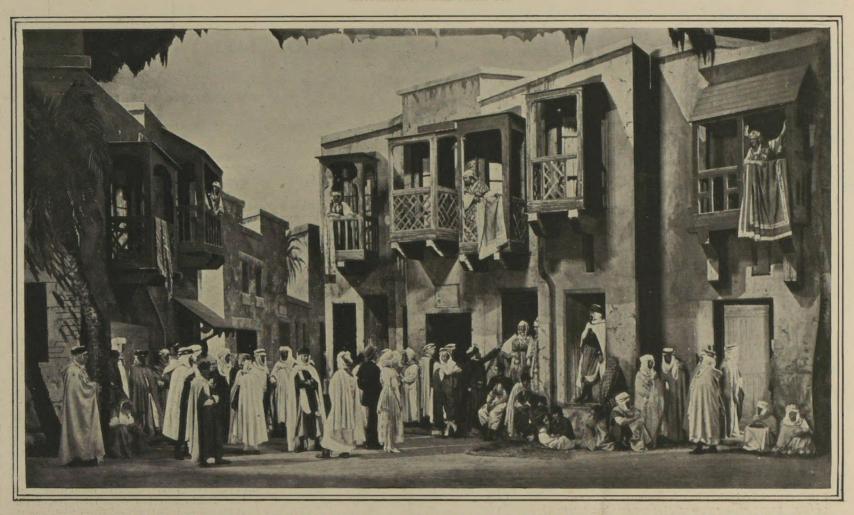


IN THE ORIGINAL OF "THE GARDEN OF COUNT ANTEONI" AT DRURY LANE: A GATEWAY INTO THE DESERT AT BISKRA.

of Count Anteoni's villa and garden, and of the Street of the Ouled Naïls. One of the above photographs also shows a typical camel palanquin of the kind used at Drury Lane. In our double-page drawing in this number, of the camels and other animals behind the scenes at Drury Lane, the palanquin there used is seen hanging up after being removed from a camel's back.

BISKRA AT DRURY LANE: SCENES FROM "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. Co.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ORIGINAL—AN ACTUAL STREET IN BISKRA—ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: THE "STREET OF THE OULED NAILS, IN BENI-MORA," IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH," AT DRURY LANE.



TO COMPARE WITH THE REAL GARDEN AT BISKRA, SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE:
"THE GARDEN OF COUNT ANTEONI," A SCENE IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH," AT DRURY LANE.

As will be seen by a comparison of the above photographs with those on the opposite page, the "Beni-Mora" scenes in "The Garden of Allah," at Drury Lane, adhere very faithfully to the originals from which Mr. Robert Hichens drew his local colour in the Algerian town of Biskra. The "Street of the Ouled Naïls" is a close reproduction of an actual street in Biskra, as also are the villa and

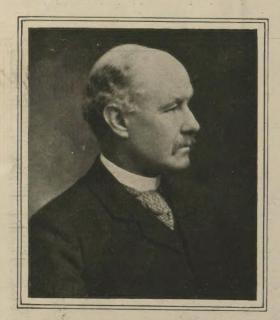
garden of Count Anteoni, in the play, of a real house and garden in the same town. In the lower of the above photographs the figures are, from left to right: Mr. Arthur Lewis as Father Roubier, Mr. Henry Ludlow as Captain de Trevignac, Mr. Godfrey Tearle as Boris Androvsky, Mr. Caleb Porter as the Sand Diviner, Miss Madge Titheradge as Domini Enfilden, and Mr. Basil Gill as Count Anteoni.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

DURING the war there were moods and moments when one felt it would be one of the blessings of the beginning of peace that it might be the end of pacificism. As it seems to be doubtful whether the peace has begun, it may be unreasonable to expect the peace-mongers to have finished. But as a matter of fact, the very curious condition in which the world is left reveals even more clearly a curious contradiction in all their pacifist propaganda, old and new. Now that the world does really wish for repose, and has some right to expect it upon a worthier basis, it only becomes the more apparent that those who were most eager to give it are least able to get it. And the reason is that they claim to bridge the deepest divisions of mankind while there is a deeper division even in their own minds. They were not quite sure what they wanted; but as a matter of fact they wanted two incompatible things. They are not the less contrary because they can both be called peace.

The case is clearer and more admitted in the position and policy of America than in the position and policy of England. But the case is somewhat the same in both. The point in each is that the power can be insular or it can be international; but it cannot be both. In other words, it can remain at peace or it can work for peace; but the



FAMOUS AS A HORSE-BREEDER, AGRICULTURIST, AND SPORTSMAN: THE LATE SIR JOHN GILMOUR, BT. Sir John Gilmour, who died on July 20, started about 1879 the famous stud of Montrave pedigree Clydesdale horses. He was widely known as an agriculturist, and was for some years Master of the Fife Foxhounds.

Photograph by Russell.

two peaceful attitudes are antagonistic to each other. If it remains at peace it must tolerate war; and if it works for peace it must risk But it cannot have the neutrality of the North Pole without being as remote as the North Pole, and we may add as cold as the North Pole. And it cannot impose a Pax Romana without fighting like the Romans. The Swiss were content with peace for themselves, and the Bolshevists would probably like to impose their own peace on everybody else; but the Swiss Bolshevist, if so awful a being exists, must have a soul considerably torn asunder. This simple truth, as I say, has more or less been recognised as a simple truth in the politics of America. There were attitudes -the attitude of the old American policy of isolation, and the attitude of President Wilson and his policy of Internationalism. We might say that it set the Monroe Doctrine against the League of Nations. But the English pacifists seem to be far less clear in their heads than the American pacifists; and seem to want at once to keep the peace without spreading it, and to spread it without defending it.

Thus we hear the same Labour leaders or liberal idealists generally, who cry aloud day and night for a universal law imposed by the League of Nations, somewhat inconsistently shriek aloud in horror at a hint of restraining Bolsehvist

ambition, or even of driving Bolshevism back to its own borders. Just as they used to say, in the war, that internationalism could condemn any aggression against anybody, but could not condemn Austrian aggression against Serbia; so they say now, in the peace, that internationalism can define and defend all the frontiers of the world,



FORMERLY A FAMOUS BEAUTY AND LEADER OF SOCIETY: THE LATE MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST. Mrs. Cornwallis-West was the daughter of an Irish clergy-man, the Rev. Frederick Fitzpatrick, and grand-daughter of the second Marquess of Headfort. She married Colonel William Cornwallis - West in 1872. Her elder daughter married Prince Henry of Pless, and the younger the Duke of Westminster. Her son, Captain George Cornwallis-West, married, first, Lady Randolph Churchill, and secondly, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mrs. Cornwallis-West had lived in retirement since the War Office inquiry of 1917 in which she figured.—[Photograph by Lajayette.]

but must not define or defend the frontiers of Poland. Those who think they can prevent a new war from beginning might naturally have their attention drawn to a part of the world where the old war has never stopped. Those who firmly believe in the expedient of a League of Nations might be naturally supposed to feel an interest in the region where there are any number of nations and no league. If they cannot induce even the new nations to be international, what chance have they with the deep division and hardened memories of the old nations? If the nations born in the war have no sense of the

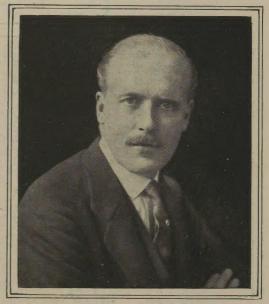


FATHER OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH:
THE LATE MR. W. K. VANDERBILT, THE AMERICAN
MILLIONAIRE AND RACEHORSE OWNER.

The late Mr. William Kissam Vanderbilt, a grandson of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the American railway magnate, was born in 1849, and died in Paris on July 22. He was keenly interested in horse-racing and yachting, and had a private race-course and training establishment at St. Louis de Poissy, near Paris. He was twice married. The present Duchess of Marlborough is his daughter.—[Photograph by Topical.]

horrors of war, what chance is there for the nations whose very patriotism is associated with long and prosperous periods of peace? If Ukrainia springs fully armed out of somebody's brain or out of nowhere, how can France be expected to put off the armour of St. Louis and of Joan of Arc? If Jugo-Slavia is born bellicose, how can Italy of the Cæsars be expected to be pacifist? If the new Poland would strangle serpents in its cradle, what about that weary Hercules, the wandering Englishman, with his twelve labours in the four quarters of the world?

If we can no longer be content with our insularity, there can be no real doubt about the nature of our intervention. Here, again, the controversy is but a continuation of one of the vital controversies of the war. Poland is our only possible bulwark, not especially against Bolshevism, about which we can have what opinions we like; but against Barbarism, about which we have not an opinion but a living and everlasting experience. Bolshevism has exchanged atrocities with some remote Russian reactionaries, about whom we know and care nothing; but Barbarism has tortured our own brothers and friends with poisoned gas and deceived them with poisoned water. Bolshevism has done all sorts of things in the newspapers; but Barbarism has done them



THE NEWLY APPOINTED BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO BELGIUM: SIR GEORGE GRAHAME.

It was recently announced that Sir George Grahame was to be appointed British Ambassador in Brussels, in succession to Sir Francis Hyde Villiers. Sir George Grahame has latterly been Counsellor at the British Embassy in Paris.

Photograph by Lafayette.

in the streets, even in the streets made sacred by the very offices of the newspapers. Bolshevism may be a storm muttering in the distance; but Barbarism has left its thunderbolts lying about in Piccadilly and the Strand. In a word, Bolshevism may be one of the forms of Barbarism; it may be a most dangerous form of Barbarism; it may be the newest, but it is not the nearest. It is not the form with which we are most familiar, or the side of the thing that has come closest to us. Nor is it the essence of the thing—the eternal element behind all these forms of it. It is in no way bound up with a few Jewish demagogues any more than with a few German despots. Barbarism did not enter with the disappearance of the Tsar; nor did Barbarism disappear with the disappearance of the Kaiser.

The Barbarian is very little affected by the flag under which he marches to slay and spoil. For practical purposes the Barbarian is the man who does not believe in chivalry in war or charity in peace; and, above all, who does not believe in modesty in anything. Whatever he does, he overdoes, like the arrogance of a negro; and it is true that if you give him an inch he will take an ell, or (as the famous illiterate truly observed) a hell. That is the thing against which the long breakwater of Poland could alone protect us. And f Poland fails, the wall of the world has fallen.

THE CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA CUP: ABOARD "SHAMROCK IV."

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



MAKING A REACH TO WINDWARD ON THE STARBOARD TACK: A VIEW OF THE "SHAMROCK'S" DECK IN RACING TRIM.

The "Shamrock's" deck is seen here in racing trim, with the crew busily at work in "whites," their racing-day rig, thrashing her way ahead in tacking and reaching to windward under a full spread of canvas, the yacht close hauled and heeling over somewhat to port in a fairly stiff breeze. Captain Burton, her celebrated skipper, about whose supersession strange stories got about after one of the first races, until Sir Thomas Lipton had himself to contradict publicly their truth, is seen at the steering-wheel in the cockpit. He is standing with

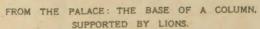
his back to the reader, his head not visible because of the boom, and with his hands on the spokes of the wheel as he keeps the yacht well up to the wind. Mrs. Burton, the skipper's wife, is seen on board, standing forward of the wheel, in the fore part of the cockpit and leaning to windward against the weather-side of the coaming, or lightly-framed raised rim placed round the cockpit aperture in order to prevent water from getting in and below when the deck becomes awash from a sea breaking inboard.



Post=War Resumption of Archæological Excavation:

No. I.-CARCHEMISH.

By D. G. HOGARTH.



T will probably be a matter of no less surprise than gratification to all who are curious about the ancient history of the Near East that the authorities of the British Museum should have succeeded in resuming already their excavation of Carchemish, after enforced inaction for five It required no little courage and hope for Mr. C. L. Woolley, the director of the excavation up to 1914, to return to Jerablus so soon as he relinquished the military commission which he held in the interval—for above two years, indeed, of that time, as a prisoner of war in the heart of Asia Minor. But he relied, with reason, on British prestige in Syria, on friendly relations with the French occupying force, and, above all, on the personal influence which, before the war, he had gained among the natives of the district, in association with T. E. Lawrence. Even so, he and his lieutenant, Mr. Guy, have had a wild time in this debatable land. When they arrived, they found themselves so well out on the border line that French and Turkish forces were both camped on the spot. As spring came on, the Turk counter-revolutionary movement advanced from the north and its Bedouin allies from the east, to meet at the Jerablus bridge-head. neighbouring towns, Birejik, Urfa, Aintab, were being beleaguered or sacked, communication with Aleppo was cut, all roads and paths were beset by Turcomans, and Hachim Muheid of the Feda'an, an old ally of the Turk, was raiding the opposite bank of the Euphrates, Mr. Woolley had to organise and carry on, within a protective cordon of barking machine - guns, a peaceful search for remains of dead Hittites.

Strange to say, he both got going and has kept going, and, despite the kidnapping of his overseer and the terrorising of his men, has dug steadily day in and day out for three months, following and planning the double ring of the city's walls, on the land side, with all its gates, the fortification of the Acropolis, and the great River Wall which still keeps back the encroaching waves of the Euphrates flood. He has distinguished four several periods of construction, and should be in a position, when he comes home, to throw much light on the chronology of the hundred sculptured slabs, the far more numerous fragments of other slabs and inscriptions, the pottery, gravefurniture, and miscellaneous objects of art, which were uncovered before the war, and illustrated in this paper of January 24, 1914. In the course of this laborious architectural investigation, new sculptures and inscriptions have come to light, as well as (all-unexpected) an untouched grave of the royal period, whose contents will supply a new standard for appreciation of Syrian Hittite art.

The site had taken less harm in the five-year interval than it might reasonably have been expected to take, seeing that, when it became enemy territory, it was constituted an important military centre. Not only was a strong force kept at the railway bridge-head, which lies just



WITH AN INCISED INSCRIPTION: A BROKEN TOMBSTONE FROM A CARCHEMISH CEMETERY.

outside the wall of Carchemish, but there was established below the bridge the headquarters of the Euphratean raft-transport service, by which the Turco-German forces in Mesopotamia were supplied. The raft-building yard was for a long time controlled by Kapitan-Leutnant von Mücke, the leader of the Emden boat party which escaped the Sydney and reached home through Arabia. The Excavation House was stripped and taken over by the Ottoman General Staff, and Enver Pasha, staying there on a visit of inspection, seems to have laid hands on some portable antiquities in its magazines. Some other officer filched also pottery and other objects collected from the Yunus "cremation" graves in 1913 and 1914,



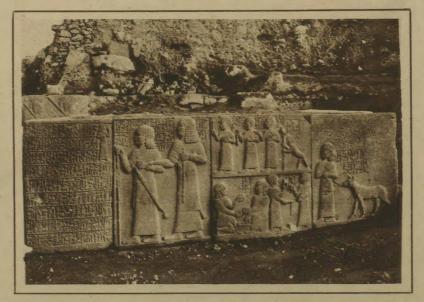
FROM A CARCHEMISH CEMETERY: A VASE
OF THE "CREMATION" AGE.

and not yet examined. Fortunately, we have complete photographs; and since three parts of that great cemetery are still undug, we can hope to recover the evidence many times over. Otherwise the loss and damage were not serious. The sculptures left in position on the site had not suffered at Turkish hands, but only from weather, which had resolved into their original fragments several slabs reconstituted in 1914 with mudmortar and restored with mud-brick. These are in process of being built up once more. But long after the Armistice, a tipsy Armenian soldier of the French Légion d'Orient did more damage than all the Turks and Germans, by smashing the upper part of the dado of the "King's Gate," the most interesting sculptured monument on the site.

It is to be hoped that so great an enterprise of excavation, which private munificence enables the British Museum to carry on for a little longer, may suffer no further hindrance. For it is evident that Carchemish has ten times more to teach us yet about the Hittite civilisation and power than it has taught. It will be recalled that just before the war its graves revealed the occurrence of a great cultural, and probably a social and political, revolution prior to the time when Assyrian records begin to mention the Hatti of Carchemish. We had supposed that revolution a result of the collapse of the Cappadocian Empire in the time of Rameses III. of Egypt, i.e., round about 1200 B.C.; but lately certain evidence has come to light in Crete which may compel us to date the post-revolution civilisation of North Syria as far back as the first Late Minoan Age, i.e., to the fifteenth century B.C. at least, and to declare it contemporary with the Cappadocian monarchy, whose records have been found in the Boghaz Keui archives. The Cappadocians of that period seem to have cremated their dead; and they may well have forced the custom on their Syrian fiefs at the time of their imperial expansion under King Shubiluliuma in the fourteenth century, or even earlier. The millennium from about 1800 to 800 B.C., the period of that fruitful contact of Eastern and Western civilisa-tions, which fertilised Hellas, and, through its mediation, Europe, is all important, but remains still more than half-veiled from our eyes. chemish, a capital point on its main road of commerce and war, should solve some of its riddles, if any site can.



SHOWING THE DADO IN POSITION: PART OF THE PALACE APPROACH, EXCAVATED AT CARCHEMISH.



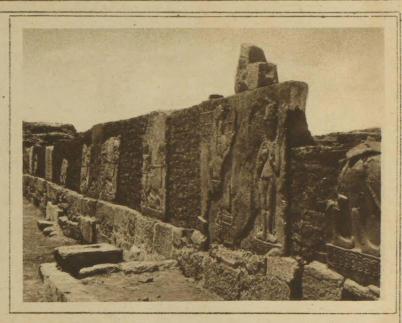
BEFORE IT WAS DAMAGED BY A DRUNKEN ARMENIAN SOLDIER.
THE "KING'S GATE" DADO AT CARCHEMISH.

POSSIBLY OF THE 15th CENTURY B.C. AND NOT THE 13th: CARCHEMISH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND PROFESSOR D. G. HOGARTH.



WITH A STATUE OF A GOD SUPPORTED BY-LIONS, AND INSCRIBED JAMBS:
A GATEWAY IN THE PALACE APPROACH AT CARCHEMISH.



WHERE EXCAVATIONS HAVE BEEN RESUMED AFTER FIVE YEARS: A WALL IN THE PALACE APPROACH RECONSTRUCTED BEFORE THE WAR.



SUPPORTED, LIKE SOLOMON'S, BY TWO BULLS: A GREAT LAVER BEFORE THE SHRINE OF A HITTITE GOD AT CARCHEMISH.



A HITTITE STAG-HUNT: ONE OF THE RELIEF SCULPTURES OF THE PALACE APPROACH EXCAVATED AT CARCHEMISH.



POSSIBLY OVER 3000 YEARS OLD: SCULPTURES OF THE PALACE APPROACH, CARCHEMISH—ATTENDANTS BEARING ANIMALS FOR SACRIFICE.



HITTITE MUSIC: HORN AND GONG (OR DRUM) IN A TRIUMPHAL PRO-CESSION—SCULPTURES OF THE PALACE APPROACH, CARCHEMISH.

The site of the ancient Hittite city of Carchemish, at Jerablus, in Northern Syria, was opened up before the war by British excavators under the direction of Mr. C. L. Woolley, for the British Museum. The resulting discoveries, highly important and interesting, were illustrated on four pages of our issue of January 24, 1914. Two of the subjects there given (the laver, and the attendants bearing animals) are again illustrated here to show that the pre-war excavations were less damaged by enemy occupation than might have been expected. Since the war, as described by Professor D. G. Hogarth in his article on the opposite

page, Mr. Woolley has resumed operations with great success, in spite of the dangers and difficulties due to the present condition of the country, with opposing French and Turkish forces camped in the immediate vicinity, and has carried on "within a protective cordon of barking machine-guns." New sculptures and inscriptions have now come to light, and a grave of the royal period containing objects of art. Carchemish, has much more still to teach us about Hittite civilisation, which certain evidence found in Crete "may compel us to date as far back as the late Minoan Age, i.e., to the fifteenth century B.C."

EXCITING AS TARPON-FISHING IN THE SAME LOCALITY:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



AFTER CHASING A HOOKED DOLPHIN IN THE LAUNCH: THE SKIFF DROPPED TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL.

AS THE DOLPHIN CIRCLES ROUND AND ROUND : DODGING ENTANGLEMENT IN THE FISHING LINE





ONE OF THE RISKS AS THE SKIFF HEELS: THE SPORTSMAN NEARLY TOPPLED OVERBOARD.

THE DOLPHIN EXHAUSTED AND ALONGSIDE THE SKIFF: THE PROBLEM OF GETTING THE CAPTIVE ON BOARD.





THE SKIFF RIGHTED AND ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO "LAND" THE CATCH: GETTING HOLD BY THE TAIL PROMISES BETTER.

HARD WORK FOR THE MUSCLES, BUT SUCCESSFUL: HAULING HIM UP BY THE TAIL, WHILE USING THE GAFF AS A LEVER.

Dolphin-fluting with a line is an exciting form of sport, which, as our illustrations testify, can afford athletic diversion and excellent entertainment. The best fishing ground is, perhaps, off the Florida coast and along the northern shores of the Guil of Mexico, in much the same localities where the tarpon-fisher takes his game, as we illustrated in like manner in our issue of July 17. It was off Cape Sable, the most southerly point of the mainland of Florida, that the day's adventure with delphin took place, the incidents of which are shown here, as photographed from a launch that accompanied the sportsman in a skiff. In the neighbourhood of Cape Sable extend many miles of shoals, and there dolphins abound, owing to the quantity of small fish that inhabit the shallows and afford the dolphin his favourite food and prey. "Singling out one," describes the sportsman from whom these photographs were received, "we hooked and chased him with the launch for hours. The pursuit led us over sandbanks and bars, where we had to tumble

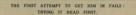
A DAY WITH DOLPHIN OFF CAPE SABLE, FLORIDA



A DOLPHIN AT THE SURFACE ON BEING STRUCK: THROWING UP A SHOWER DATU OF SPDAY IN HIS SPIASHES

A DASH AHEAD AT FULL SPEED: THE DOLPHIN TOWING THE SKIFF WITH THE LINE STRETCHED OUT TAUT.

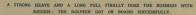






THE CATCH PROVES TOO HEAVY TO LIFT IN: THE SKIFF CAPSIZED WHILE THE SPORTSMAN HOLDS ON TO THE DOLPHIN'S FIN.







GAME TO THE END: GASPING, OPEN-MOUTHED, THE DOLPHIN'S CLOSING FLURRY THREATENS ANOTHER UPSET.

overboard to lighten the Isunch, and round mangrove keys and through narrow channels. The delphin often had to swim on his side in crossing the bars. At last the creature, tiring, began to circle. When this tendency of his became pronounced, we dropped the skiff, trailing astern of the launch, all-equipped for the fray, and continued the chase in the launch. As the dolphin swings round on his old trail, the man in the skiff may get his chance with the iron, or the launch may catch up and give the chance to the man in its bow." The dolphin-which, it may be noted, is a mammal, a cetacean akin to the whale-runs on the average to seven and a-half feet in length. Being of proportionate girth and bulk, it makes, consequently, an awkward weight to get over the side into a skiff in a seaway, as the photographs show. Just as hooked tarpon do, the dolphin, when he first feels the hook, darts upwards to the surface and hurls himself high into the air, sometimes making a dozen and more leaps in quick succession.

THE SALE ROOMS

MOST of the great events of the season in the salerooms have come and gone. The Huth Library made a glorious end in

June, with its ninth and final annual event, which realised £15,628. autographs and letters realised £13,091 in 1911; the engravings and woodcuts £14,840 in the same The sales of the books and manuscripts have been a yearly feature by Messrs. Sotheby from 1911 to 1920, with the exception of 1915. The grand total of this sale of nine years is £278,498.

Among other notable sales of the season, the armour of the late Sir Guy Laking, the King's Armourer, came up and realised £32,000, and at

the dispersal of some of the Duke of Leeds' furniture from Britwell Court, bringing £35,628, some sensational prices were given for William and Mary suites. Among pictures worthy of note, a Raeburn portraitgroup of the Macdonald Children brought £20,000, and the Earl and Countess of Ely, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, fetched fro,800. The Lansdowne collection of drawings by Old Masters came as a surprise, and produced interesting results; £3300 was given for a Rembrandt study.

Astonishing support has been sustained for some of the moderns. Meissonier has not lost his glamour: his "Le Guide," painted in 1863, sold in May for £5250. Whistler's prices have still remained adamant. His rare set of Venice etchings brought £1590, and prices have been high for the modern etchings of D. Cameron, Muirhead Bone, and Anders Zorn.

At the sale, in June, of the Harland-Peck coloured engravings of the stipple school of the eighteenth century, £20,802 was realised. Earlier in the year, the silver plate of Lord Methuen sold in February for £33,000, and included a Gothic cup of Scottish origin, rock-crystal and silver-gilt, for which £3200 was In the same month, at Christie's, £23,000 was the price of a pearl necklace of 165 wellmatched pearls, and on the same occasion another pearl necklace, of 197 pearls, brought £18,000.

As a rapid résumé of happenings within a restless and disturbed period, these sales indicate a very successful turnover, and are reassuring to those who gloomily predict a slump in prices relating to art. On the contrary, prices are surprisingly steady and promise to remain firm in the immediate future.

On the 19th, at Christie's, fourteen Whistler etchings: "En Plein Soleil," "La Rétameuse," "Little Arthur,"
"Fumette," "The Kitchen," and others, brought £126. At the same sale, a Guardi, "A View near the Basilica of St. Mark's," went for £115 10s. It was surprising to find a David Cox, only a small piece, 10 in.

by 14 in., it is true, bringing only 13 guineas, although it had been exhibited at the Glasgow International Exhibition in 1901. On the following day, at the same rooms, "A Lecture on Gadding," after J. R. Smith, by Bartolozzi, and a drawing of an old English draper's shop realised £357; and two of Whistler's etchings, "The Black Lion Wharf" and "Bibi Valentin," £189.

Certain jewels, the property of Miss Ellen Terry, with histrionic memories, came up for sale at Christie's on the 21st. A gold ring, a gold scarf-pin formerly belonging to Charles Mathews, and an enamelled gold chain worn by Sir Henry Irving in "The Belle's Stratagem," formed one BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

lot, and brought £26. Another item, a gold-snake necklace, enamelled black-and-white, which was worn in "The Cup," sold for £25. A châtelaine and watch, set with diamonds and rubies and enamel portraits of girls, which was formerly the property of Mrs. Abingdon, realised £70.

At the same sale four Sheffield-plated table candlesticks, with Ionic columns and square plinths, embossed with rams' heads, exhibiting the Sheffield silver-plater at his best in simulation of pure Adam style, realised £32 11s.

Next day seven Chelsea vases, claret-coloured, painted with amatory subjects, brought £6510, and stand as representative of the finest Chelsea art.

Messrs. Sotheby sell a fine collection of old English and Irish glass, old silver. Sheffield plate, fans and rings on July 29 and 30. The glass smallest only 21 in. in height, exhibit a grace and delicacy beloved by those collectors of old glass who covet unusual specimens of fine design.

Other examples include a wineglass with a straight-sided bowl engraved with a cock-fight, on a fine compound opaque threaded stem; and another with a man-of-war inscribed "Success to the Eagle Frigate," on opaque twist stem-a rare example, the Eagle being a privateer hailing from Bristol. A good specimen, with trumpet-shaped bowl, is enamelled with grapes and vine-leaves on opaque twist stem. Two remarkable pairs of candlesticks, with lipped nozzles and baluster stem, simulate the silversmiths'

designs of the late eighteenth

century

The silver plate at the same sale includes two fine Irish candlesticks, about 1750, and an Irish dish, or potato ring. finely pierced with festoons, medallions, and husks. To those who love posy-rings, an interesting series of late seventeenth and eighteenth-century examples afford quaint conceits in the mottoes of lovers, including such inscriptions as "Let you and I trew lovers dey"; "I love and like my choyse": "Harts united live contented," and others.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson offered, on July 29, an interesting letter of the celebrated Paul Jones, the son of a gardener in Kircudbrightshire who became a Lieutenant in the American Navy and subsequently a Rear-Admiral in the Russian Navy. In 1777 he landed at Whitehaven with two boats, spiked the two guns, captured the pensioners who guarded the old fort, and made an attempt to set fire to the ships in the harbour, of which there were three hundred lying at anchor at the time. His American sailors got out of hand when they landed at St. Mary's Isle for the purpose of capturing the Earl of Selkirk and holding him at ransom. He being absent, they looted the silver. To the credit of Jones, it should be noted that he bought the silver and returned it to Lady Selkirk. The letter now for sale refers to his action with the Serapis, where his own ship, the Bonhomme Richard, an old East Indiaman which the French had procured for him, although victorious, sank the next morning after the engagement within sight of the northern English coast. In 1778, with no money and none forthcoming from America, and with the French unwilling to finance him as a privateer, his letter, dated from Brest, is full of uneasy qualms as to his exact position. It is an interesting document of a man with meteoric temperament, who can claim the unique triumph of having invaded England, although he did not stay long. On July 30 the same firm offered "Lady Hamilton as Bacchante," engraved by C. Knight and printed in colours

after Romney, dated June 17, 1797. 'It is a superb example, only comparable with a print of the same subject in the Harland-Peck collection which sold last month for £924. The one now for sale was rescued from an album.

At the end of the season one is reminded of a tailpiece by Randolph Caldecott to his nurserybook, "Come Lasses and Lads," wherein a set of his inimitable characters foot it around the Maypole. At eventide, when the revels are ended, seated alone by the pole with bowed head is the old fiddler, gazing mournfully at a faded wreaththe long day is over.



THE FAMOUS VAN EYCK TRIPTYCH, SIX WINGS OF WHICH GERMANY HAS RESTORED TO BELGIUM-THE OUTER PANELS OF THE ALTAR-PIECE WHEN CLOSED.

The main part of the fifteenth-century Van Eyck triptych, of which six wings were recently sent back from Berlin to Brussels, is illustrated on a double-page in this number. It forms the altar-piece of the cathedral of St. Bavon at Ghent. The above subjects, taking them in order from left to right, were formerly distributed as follows: (top row) the Prophet Zachariah (in Berlin), the Erythraean Sibyl (Brussels), the Cumaean Sibyl (Brussels), the Prophet Michah (Berlin); (middle row) the Angel of the Annunciation (Berlin), the Virgin's chamber (Brussels), the Virgin (Berlin); (lower row, all in Berlin) Jodoc Vydt (donor of the altar-piece), St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, and Isabella, wife of Jodoc Vydt.

Photograph by Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin.

includes several fine Jacobite examples. One rare specimen is engraved with the portrait of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, wearing bonnet, fullfaced, in Highland costume, and wearing ribbon and star, flanked by a rose (one bud) and thistle; and inscribed "Audentior Ibo," on a doubleknopped air-twist stem, with collar between top knop and bowl.

This glass is said to have been actually used by the Prince at the banquet given him by the ladies of Edinburgh in 1745, and has been handed down since that day. A fine set of sweetmeatglasses, the tallest of which is only 41 in. and the

PERPETUATING "THE TRENCH OF BAYONETS": A VERDUN TRAGEDY.



TO PRESERVE GROUND CONTAINING BODIES OF FRENCH SOLDIERS BURIED BY A SUBSIDENCE WHERE THEY STOOD:
THE DESIGN FOR THE "TRENCH OF BAYONETS" MEMORIAL—(INSET) THE PLAN AND ELEVATION.



SHOWING SOME OF THE BURIED MEN'S RIFLES AS THEY STOOD READY TO ADVANCE, STILL EMERGING FROM THE GROUND:
THE "TRENCH OF BAYONETS," WHICH IS TO BE ENCLOSED BY THE MONUMENT.

During the Verdun battles of 1916, a section of the 137th (Breton) Regiment were waiting in their trench, on June 12, ready to attack towards Douaumont. The ground was soft, churned up by shells, and moving like a sea. Suddenly the two sides of the trench rolled together, engulfing some 50 to 100 men, there as they stood, with their rifles and fixed bayonets pointing upward. It was impossible to save them, and there the bodies remained, the rifles still emerging above ground. A rich American banker, Mr. George T. Rand, saw them, and gave

a cheque for 500,000 francs for a morument to preserve and commemorate the ground with the bodies in it. Unhappily, Mr. Rand was killed in an aeroplane accident, but his heirs have carried out his wishes. M. André Ventre, the eminent French architect, has designed a memorial. The actual trench will be left as it is beneath a plain concrete slab supported on pillars. The slab, by keeping off sun and rain, will prevent the growth of vegetation. At the entrance will be a massive pylon with a large cross, and a list of some 30 names identified.



THE FINEST WORK OF THE EARLY FLEMISH' SCHOOL, SIX WINGS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN RETURNED FROM BERLIN TO BELGIUM UNDER THE PEACE TREATY:

THE VAN EYCK TRIPTYCH, "THE ADORATION OF THE LAMB."

In accordance with Article 247 of the Versailles Treaty, there arrived at Brussels recently from the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin, six wings of the famous van Byck triptych, "The Adoration of the Lamb," which formed the altar-piece of the Cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent. It was painted by the brothers Hubert and Jan van Byck for Jodoc Vydt, of Ghent, and his wife Isabella, whose portraits appear on the outer panels shown on another page. Hubert began it about 1420, and Jan finished it about 1432. The central piece, and the figures of God the Father, the Virgin, John the Baptist, Adam and Eve, are usually attributed to

Hubert. In 1816 six wings (except the Adam and Eve) were sold to a dealer, from whom the Berlin Museum bought them for 410,000 francs. The above panels, taking them in order from left to right, were formerly distributed as follows: (upper row) Adam—above, the offerings of Cain and Abel (as Brussels); the Singing Angels (Berlin), the Virgin (Ghent), God the Father (Ghent), John the Baptist (Ghent), St. Cecilia and the Playing Angels (Berlin), and Eve—above, Cain killing Abel (Brussels); (lower row) the Upright Judges (Berlin), the Knights of Christ (Berlin), the Adoration of the Lamb (Ghent), the Holy Hermits (Berlin), and the Holy Pilgrims (Berlin).

By E. B. OSBORN.

UGUSTE COMTE was in the habit of quoting two lines of de Vigny: "What is a great It is a thought of life? youth wrought out in ripen-

ing years." These lines might serve as the motto THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIR JAGADIS C. Bose" (Longmans, Green and Co.; 16s. net), by Patrick Geddes, a worthy tribute to the first Indian of modern times who has done original work of permanent value in science. Special qualities-together with courage both physical



MRS. J. R. FORBES, THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR AND TRAVELLER.

Our readers will be interested to know that Mrs. J. R. Forbes, who is contributing a series of articles to "The Illustrated London News," has also written a series on the East for the "Sketch."

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

and moral-were characteristic of Sir Jagadis Bose even in his boyhood, as Professor Geddes shows; and from his Cambridge days onwards he seems to have kept the fulfilment of his scientific adventure in view as a duty he owed to the greater India " of his inspirations and aspirations. That he lived to see the Bose Institute established in Calcutta, and to deliver the address of dedication (November 30, 1917), must have counted for more in his personal sense of values than the award of the F.R.S. and all the other honours he received later on from the Western world.

The Bose Institute is a fitting memorial to one whose character and career have confuted the contention-generally held by European critics at the time he chose science as his vocation—that the Indian mind would always turn from the study of natural facts (especially as science, according to the late Lord Kelvin, becomes more and more a matter of minutely accurate weighing and measuring) to metaphysical speculation. Bose Institute, outwardly and visibly, is a building of greyish-purple sandstone, in Indian style of the pre-Mohammedan period, with a wealth of appropriate symbolic ornament. In front is a small garden, appropriately full of sensitive plants, in which are a fountain and pool, a sun-dial and an electrically-controlled clock-dial for mutual comparison. A distinctive sign of the Institute and its work is a large double tracing, being automatically made in two parallel curves before the eyes of the observer. One of these curves records the result of the essential changes of the atmospheric environments-temperature, light, etc.-while the other summarises the responses of a large tree to those changing conditions for every minute of the twenty-four hours. This autograph of the tree gives striking and vivid demonstration that all plants, including even rigid trees, are fully sensitive to the changes around them. Even the passage of a drifting cloud is perceived and recorded by the

tree in its own peculiar script and by an instrument devised for the purpose. All this brings back far-off memories of the founder's little experimental garden at Sijberia, of which his village neighbours would say: "That is where, at night, the plants talk to him!" Then, as you pass inside, you see the series of instruments, even more delicate and exact, invented by the founder himself to ascertain the swift and subtle reactions of plants and trees to physical influences. For example, his crescograph, of which Lord Rayleigh (one of Bose's masters at Cambridge) and other distinguished scientists stated in a letter to the

Times: "We are satisfied that the growth of plant tissues is correctly recorded by this instrument, and at a magnification of one million to ten million times." Ten million times! It is here worth noting, as Professor Geddes points out, that all the great scientific discoverers, as from Watt to Kelvin, or back to Galileo and Leonardo da Vinci, or onwards to Bell and Edison, have also been their own instrument-makers. For a new and purposeful scientific instrument is nothing less, though it may turn out much more by virtue of the work it does, than a new theory or "working hypothesis" reduced to tangible terms.

Both as physicist and as naturalist, Sir Jagadis Bose has added results of abiding significance to the vast treasury of data for the making of new scientific

generalisations. But it is the work he has done as both physicist and naturalist-as " a mind working in long sweeps-and attracted alike by gulfs which separate and by borderlands which unite"-that will give him his place in the hierarchy of master-discoverers. He has shown us that the quiet and unprotesting realm of the vegetable creation, the oldest of all realms of life, is as full of the capacity to do and be, to feel and show feeling, as the most sensitive animals. Long years ago, in a violet hour of meditation in one of the most beautiful of Herefordshire gardens, the thought came to me, in a wave of nocturnal perfume.

that plants may indeed have their share in the joys and sorrows of passion-

. . . Ever a crimson flush . Stains the lily of evening; ever the

Burns like a flame in the dawn; for Love to flowers is given.

It is so, though such truths have long been hidden from us by the patient beauty and quiet innocence of the fellowcreatures we call trees and flowers. "These our mute companions," said Bose in a discourse at the Royal Institution, "silently growing beside our door, have now told us the tale of their life-tremulousness and their death spasm in script that is as inarticulate as they. May it not be said that their story has

a pathos of its own beyond any that we have conceived?" But the mystery and the pathos go further than that - for this same observer has shown that material substances, such as tin and other metals, also have their tender feelings! So that he has broken down the wall between the physical and the physiclogical, and so given us a new and vivid sense of the unity of the universe which Western science, parcelled up by specialists into suggestion-tight departments, was in danger of forgetting. Thus the East once more rebukes the West for its failure to see the cosmos as one and indivisible.

Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon," is an author whose scientific criticism has been justly neglected. For a fortnight, as a selfimposed penance for neglecting the minor works of that master of irony, I have been wading through re-set editions of his "Luck, or Cunning?" (A. C. Fifield; 8s. 6d. net) and "Unconscious MEMORY" (same publisher; same price) and am sadder, but not a whit wiser, for my pains. His attack on Darwin's presentation of the theory of

Evolution is nothing more, if nothing less, than a gigantic piece of impudence. Without any of the recognised tools of science or sense of the difficulties

in his path, without any training in practical investigation, he proceeds to tackle the most difficult and far-reaching problems with no weapon save the pen of a man of letters. His " Evolution, Old and New" (1879) was written to express his conviction that Charles Darwin and Alfred Wallace had deliberately ignored the pioneering work of Buffon, Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck. We find curious anticipations of Bose's unifying theories and even of the results of his patient observation. He believes, as the Bengal savant did, that the essential unity of the universe must be kept steadily in view by the specialists. Here is a passage which Bose himself might have written-

The only thing of which I am sure is, that the distinction between the organic and inorganic is arbitrary; that it is more coherent with our other ideas, and therefore more acceptable, to start with every molecule as a living thing, and then deduce death as the breaking up of an association or corporation, than to start with inanimate molecules and smuggle life into them; and that, therefore, what we call the inorganic world must be regarded as up to a certain point living, and instinct, within certain limits, with consciousness, volition, and power of concerted action.

Unquestionably Mr. Bernard Shaw is right in thinking that Butler was swayed by philosophic resentment at the banishment of mind from the organic universe, which was-and still is-thought to be one of the chief corollaries of the Darwinian



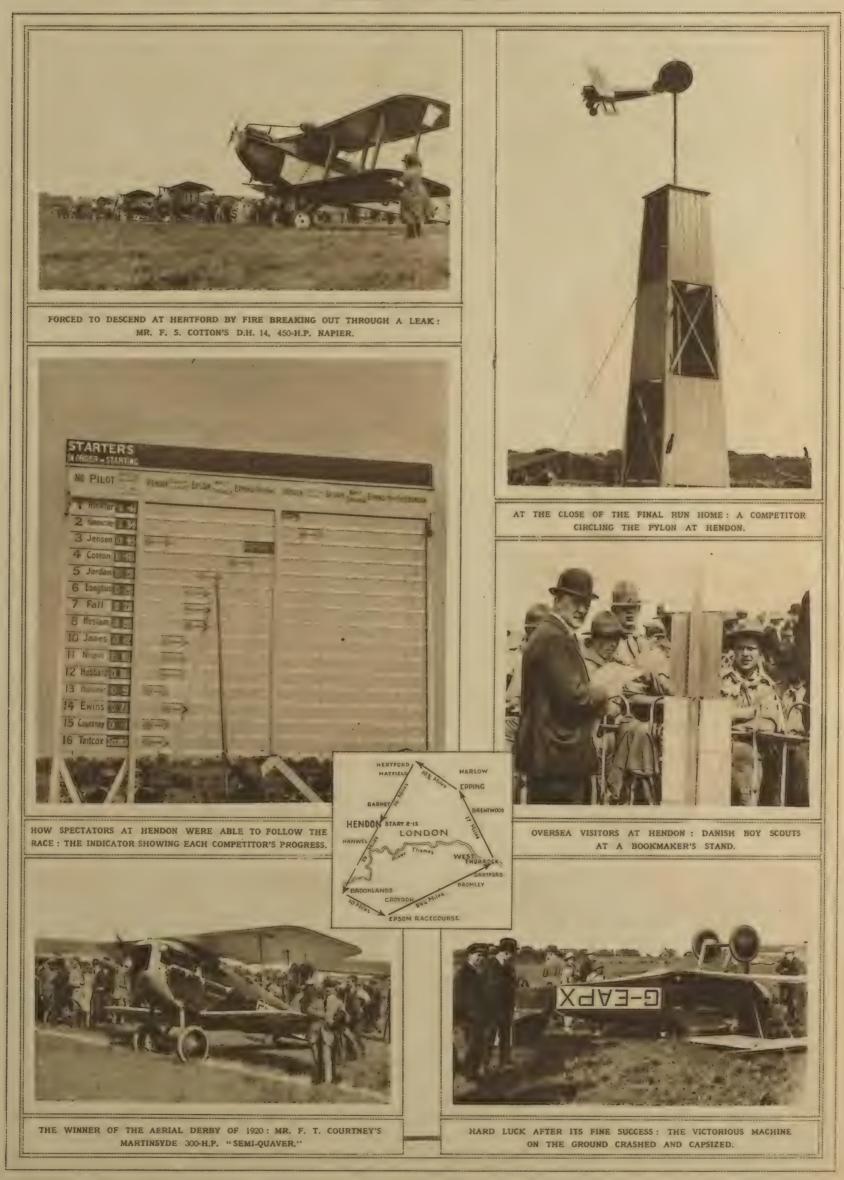
LORD DUNSANY, WHOSE NEW BOOK, "TALES OF THREE HEMISPHERES," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED. Camera-portrait by E. O. Hoppe.

hypothesis. This resentment is scientifically justified in some of Bose's philosophic arguments.

Meanwhile, the task of expounding and explaining scientific results to the non-scientific mind proceeds apace. "THE NATURE-STUDY OF F.L.S., with an introduction by Professor F. E. Weiss, F.R.S., which is intended for the "hobbybotanist," will prompt many young students to make a personal investigation of the fascinating processes of plant life. "ARCHIMEDES" (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net), by Sir Thomas Heath, is a learned little monograph on the pioneer of Greek science, who said: "Give me a foothold and I will move the earth." And in "SPLENDOURS OF THE SKY" (John Murray; 8s. net), by Isabel Martin Lewis, A.M., a member of the staff at the U.S. Naval Observatory, we have a popular account, accurate and pellucid in style, of the chief results of modern astronomical investigation. It is the best "popular" astronomy we have had since Sir Robert Ball's well-known books appeared.

FLYING AT 153 MILES AN HOUR: THE HENDON AERIAL DERBY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., AND S. AND G.



The Aerial Derby on July 24 took place over a course of 205 miles, starting from Hendon and circling the outskirts of Greater London twice. The fourteen competing machines flew first south-west to Brooklands, then to Epsom, then north-east to West Thurrock, north-west to Epping and Hertford, and finally south-east back to Hendon. The inset map indicates the course. The winner, Mr. F. T. Courtney, who flew Mr. Raynham's Martinsyde "Semi-Quaver," driven by a 300-h.p. Hispano-Suiza engine, covered the distance in 1 h. 18 min. 12 1-5th sec., at an average speed of 153 4-5 miles per hour. Unfortunately, after finishing-

the machine crashed in coming to ground and capsized, but happily without seriously injuring Mr. Courtney. Another mishap befell the D.H. machine piloted by Mr. F. S. Cotton, who was accompanied by Mr. Harwood. When near the turning-point at Hertford, the petrol-pipe began leaking, and the petrol took fire at the exhaust, compelling a descent, in effecting which the machine crashed and Mr. Harwood was injured. Mr. Hawker, in a Sopwith A.B.C. with a 320-h.p. engine, was the favourite before the race, but was disqualified at the close owing to his mistaking the finishing line and coming down at the wrong place.



THE WORLD OF THE THEAT



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND THE STAGE.

(#)

By J. T. GREIN.

THOMAS JOHNSON, the French journalist with the English name who for many years represented the Figaro in London, and who was incidentally the founder, with Alexander Teixeira, Jules Magny, Georges Petilleau and myself, of the Foreign Press Association of London, was a strange mixture of democrat and aristocrat. He boasted, after some thirty years in England, that he could not speak a single flawless sentence of English, and at the Café Royal he daily presided over an apéritif-table at tea-time, where Hector France, the novelist, Rasetti, editor of the Courrier de Londres, Henri Rochefort, the Communard of the Lanterne, and Pilotelle, the

illustrator (when the latter two did not quarrel, which was intermittently the case) loudly debated the events of the day in the most uncompromising manner. In the evening he often went to the Royalty when French plays were in season, and, according to his relations with the renowned impresario, G. L. Mayer-the father of Gaston, who, I hear, has just sold the Court to J. B. Faganhe throned in the best box or fulminated from the pit against play and players. On Sundays he either held court at No. 410, Fulham Road—a little treasure-house of knick-knacks and pictures, every one of which, according to the boast of Mme. Johnson, was a gift from a grateful artist-or he went to the Court of Eugénie at Farnborough.

Eugénie had a penchant for the trim, vivacious little Frenchman, who looked a Lord Lonsdale in miniature, with the elegance of a Beau Brummel; and sometimes she appeared on his arm in public at a concert, or at the French Exhibition in Earl's Court. She would have loved to go to the theatre, too, but somehow her perennial mourning for Napoleon III. forbade that pleasure. Only once was she seen at the Coliseum, about seven years ago, and then I think I was the only one present who "spot-

ted" her when she applauded Yvette Guilbert, for whom she had great admiration. On that occasion she occupied a stage box, for which she paid, unrecognised, at the office, and was accompanied by an elderly lady of her Court. When Yvette had recited, as an encore, "Les Cloches de Nantes," she rose, clapped her hands enthusiastically, threw a flower on the stage, and slipped out of the box. I wonder whether Yvette ever knew who was the venerable lady in black who, leaning on her stick, paid her a truly imperial homage. I wonder also what the late Empress felt when she had listened to a poem of Prosper Merimée in Yvette's inimitable diction. For when Eugénie was still Mlle. de Montijo, and not over-blessed with worldly goods, there was some plan that she

should become an actress. Prosper Merimée, the author of "Carmen," and a great friend of the family, believed in her talent and made her appear in a private performance of Musset's "Caprice," which was such a success that a great future was predicted for her. But Fate willed it otherwise. Soon afterwards she met Napoleon, and the rest is history.

Yet her devotion to the theatre never flagged, and both at Compiègne and at the Tuileries there was not only open house to artists, but there were performances in which the Empress herself took leading parts. With Augier, Dumas fils, Daudet (whose youngest son was one of the mourners at



A DISTRACTING REST-CURE IN A NURSING HOME: MR. STANLEY LUPINO AS THE PATIENT, AND MISS KATHARINE HICKS AS NURSE B., IN "JIG-SAW," AT THE HIPPODROME.

Farnborough the other day) and Count Walewski (the morganatic son of the First Napoleon, who wrote a play, "The School of the World," which was a "frost" at the Comédie Française), with Auber as musical adviser, and Octave Feuillet, her favourite author (why does no one revive his "Sphinx"?) as "general manager," she established a kind of Court Theatre which was unique in the artistic world. Feuillet even wrote a play for her, in which she was not very good—as she said herself. It was called "The Portraits of the Marquise," and those who remember it declare that there was not much to choose between the play and the chief player. As a kind of revanche she appeared in a revue entitled "The Life of Cæsar," something between a skit

on and an apotheosis of Napoleon III.'s life study, Julius Cæsar. For this gorgeous spectacle the whole Court was laid under contribution. Marquis de Massa was the author; and the most famous women of the Second Empire, from Mme. de Metternich to Mme. de Pourtalès, took part in it, and the little Napoleon IV. was the cynosure of all eyes in his grenadier uniform. Anon she erected an open-air theatre called the "Théâtre des Fleurs"—a kind of sequel to Marie Antoinette's theatre—where the masterpieces of the Watteau period were rendered in splendour by ladies of quality and of the stage.

In her heyday Eugénie was practically a daily

visitor to the Opera, and it was on the way to the gala performance of Ristori, her favourite actress and personal friend, that Orsini's bomb created panic and bloodshed. In his remarkable book, "Les Femmes du Second Empire," Frédéric Lolié often refers to the Empress as a protectress of the arts, and from it we gather that she was not only an omnivorous reader, but a fair and liberal judge. Indeed, so great was her belief in poetic license, that she preserved her friendship for Alphonse Daudet, although his book "Les Rois en Exil" must have caused her much heartburn; and she spared no effort during her reign to attract Dumas fils to her cénacle, in spite of her knowledge that he harboured but little respect for the Third Napoleon, and had ridiculed him in a murderous quatrain.

Of the life at Camden House, at Farnborough, the outer world heard but little. Thomas Johnson, however, told me that a well-known French library—I think it was Rolandi's—had a standing order to supply her with all the new works of the literary grandees of France, except the "naturalists," whom she could not bear; and that whenever a French author of Royalist-Imperialist convictions visited London, he would

receive, through his (Johnson's) intermediary, a delicate invitation "pour prendre le thé," at the Court of the ex-Empress. He also indicated, when he once discussed Sarah Bernhardt's one and only dramatic effort (the title of which was, if I remember well, "Ceci tuera Cela"), that Eugénie, besides a volume of "Mémoires," had written a play "round" the last hours of the Empire and Dr. Evans the dentist. But when I urged him to ascertain it, he adjusted his monocle in that peculiar way of his and said, "You might as well ask me to open a safe with my fingers. Unless she lets fall a word of her own accord, the events previous to her flight were never referred to: did she not declare once and for all, 'the Empress Eugénie died on the night she left the Tuileries'?"



THE PATIENT'S PATIENCE IS EXHAUSTED: MR. STANLEY LUPINO (ESCAPING THROUGH THE WINDOW) AND MISS WINNIE MELVILLE AS NURSE A., IN SCENE 10"FOR A REST"—OF "JIG-SAW," AT THE HIPPODROME.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

HOME EVENTS: THE "BADEN"; PAGEANTS, HISTORIC AND PATRIOTIC.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, I.B., L.N.A., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



SALVED SINCE SHE WAS SCUTTLED AT SCAPA FLOW: THE GERMAN DREADNOUGHT "BADEN" BEING TOWED INTO PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR BY TUGS.



MEDLEVAL CEREMONY AT THE TOWER: LORD METHUEN'S INSTALLATION AS GOVERNOR—THE CORONER OF THE TOWER READING THE KING'S WARRANT.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION FÊTE: THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH PRINCESS MARY AND EARL HAIG, AT THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.



IN THE PROCESSION OF DECORATED CARS FROM THE HORSE GUARDS TO THE OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION FÊTE IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS: THE "WHITE SWAN."



THE "MAYFLOWER" TERCENTENARY AT SOUTHAMPTON: THE ESCAPE OF PORTAL FROM FRANCE IN A WINE-BARREL—AN INCIDENT OF THE PAGEANT PLAY.

The German Dreadnought "Baden," which was scuttled at Scapa Flow and has since been salved, arrived a few days ago at Portsmouth in tow.—Field-Marshal Lord Methuen was installed as Governor and Constable of the Tower of London on July 21. The King's Warrant was read by his Majesty's Coroner of the Tower, standing beside the Lord Chamberlain, who carried the keys on a velvet cushion.—The King and Queen and Princess Mary visited the Officers' Association Fête at the Royal Botanic Gardens on July 24, the second day. They were received by Field-Marshal Earl Haig. During the day there was a procession



THE "MAYFLOWER" TERCENTENARY CELEBRATIONS: A SCENE IN THE PAGEANT PLAY, "JOHN ALDEN'S CHOICE"—ALDEN IN THE STOCKS.

of decorated motor-cars from the Horse Guards' Parade to the Botanic Gardens. On the previous day Prince Arthur of Connaught had opened the fête.—The tercentenary of the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers was celebrated at Southampton on July 24, and a pageant-play, "John Alden's Choice," was performed on Western Quay, the very spot from which they embarked in the "Mayflower" and "Speedwell' 300 years ago. John Alden, a Southampton apprentice, while in the stocks, is shown visions of America's future by a gipsy, and decides to sail in the "Mayflower." The play was written by Miss Myra Lovett.

LADIES' NEWS.

THE last week of the London season was a full one, and was both grave and gay. The King and Queen attended the obsequies of the ex-Empress Eugénie, paying to her remains the same respect and consideration that they had given her in life, coupled with warm affection. The King and Queen of Spain delayed their return to Spain in order to be present, and so King Alfonso missed spending with his mother, Queen Christina, her sixty-second birthday, which he had always made a point of doing. The Mass, and the placing of the body of the ex-Empress in its place between those of her husband and son, must have been pathetic and stately. Her life knew many vicissitudes, but her burial ceremonies were splendid and solemn, as befitted that period of it when she was the Empress of the French, albeit they took place in the country into which she had fled for refuge.

A Thé Dansant can be a remarkably pleasant affair if it is nicely done, and "nicely" does not describe the perfect way in which Lady Cunard did hers at 5, Carlton House Terrace for funds for the Women's Legion. First of all, the floor of the big drawing-room was perfect, a beautiful, shiny, parquet affair; then, the band would have set a Quaker skipping; and the hostess, looking delightfully young and cool and fresh in an écru-cream lace dress, and wearing a row of lovely pearls, was intent on seeing that everyone enjoyed themselves. The windows, wide open, set in alcoves, and looking out on the Green Park, made ideal places for sitting out. Princess Arthur of Connaught was dancing in a pretty grey silk jersey, fringed dress, and a pretty close grey hat to match. Lady Glentanar brought her daughter, the Marchioness Douro; the Grand Duchess George chaperoned her two pretty daughters, Princesses Nina and Xenia. Lady Ebury, Priscilla Countess Annesley, as usual most ornamental and charming, and Lady Sarah Wilson were all there, and plenty Tea down in the big, cool dining-room was delightful, the name of the cup that cheers covering all sorts of cool drinks and nice little things to eat.

Is there anything more demoralising in a small way than muddy shoes in the sunshine and on dry streets? If there is I do not know it. Having to go to a party, and having been assailed by a shower, I was in mind not to take my dirty shoes into a smart drawing-room. Happy thought, they were "Saxone" shoes, and in any shop where such are sold I could



A BLUE GABARDINE DRESS. Embroidered in grey, this blue gabardine frock is further relieved by a white organdie vest and frill. It is an Alice Bernard model Photograph by Central News.

get mine polished, so in I went to the nearest at handthere are, of course, plenty—and out I came, restored morally and with shining understandings. real nice shoes, the "Saxones," and the shops they

come from are really nice too, the service in them all is so courteous.

The Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace was an interesting and delightful affair. It reminded me in some degrees of fox-hunting, because everyone wanted to see and be seen by their Majesties, and the best predictions as to the direction they would take, like the "plans of mice and men, went aft agley." The King looked brown and well and was full of fun, laughing and talking with Indian princes, black bishops, as polished of countenance as of manner, Labour members, or Siamese ladies and gentlemen. with equal zest. Early in the afternoon there were so many gaitered legs, silk aprons, and ecclesiastical hats that the Conference of episcopal dignitaries was strongly suggested; they were, indeed, guests of honour. So were some Indian ecclesiastics in black coats, white putteed legs, and white turbans; also two reverend gentlemen in flowing black robes, high black brimless hats, and enamelled crosses. They belonged, I think, to the Greek Church. Everyone said how handsome the Queen looked, wearing a cream-coloured satin gown lightly shot with gold over a gold-and-cream brocade underskirt. A little cluster of coloured flowers held the folds at the waist, and a folded satin toque, reproducing the colours of these flowers in paler shades, with one upstanding marabout cream-coloured feather in front, was worn. At the close of the party the Queen looked unmistakably tired - and no wonder, considering that her Majesty had walked and talked, with only a brief respite for tea, for over two-and-a-half hours.

Princess Mary looked sun-browned after her yachting, and was wearing a pretty pale-blue accordeon-pleated dress, with a pale-pink flowered waist-band and sash-ends, and a black hat with touches of pale-blue in it. She greeted Mr. Ben Tillett joyfully, and proceeded to be well amused by a conversation with that very lively gentleman. Then her Royal Highness chatted with Mr. Havelock Wilson, who was in a wheeled chair. The Duke of York and Prince Henry found many friends to chat to, and the Duke of Connaught chatted to lots of people he knew. Princess Victoria was very gay and looked very elegant in black-embroidered net over cream-coloured satin, and wearing a black hat. Grand Duchess George, her black attire slightly relieved with white, was with her Royal Highness, while the pretty Princesses Nina and Xenia walked about with the Grand Duke Michael, charmingly dressed in dark-blue over grey, with touches of cherry-red. Naturally, everybody who is anybody in town was there.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A SLIDING SCALE FOR DOCTORS.

NOTHING, perhaps, presses harder on a man with an income that cannot be increased than the necessity of finding money for medical or surgical Illness, whether it comes to him or to his family, is nearly always unexpected; its duration is, of course, equally uncertain; and the expense, therefore, impossible to be calculated. At present, when salaries, professional incomes, and even things like annuities are halved in value by the decrease in their purchasing power, it may well prove to be the last straw that breaks the camel's back.

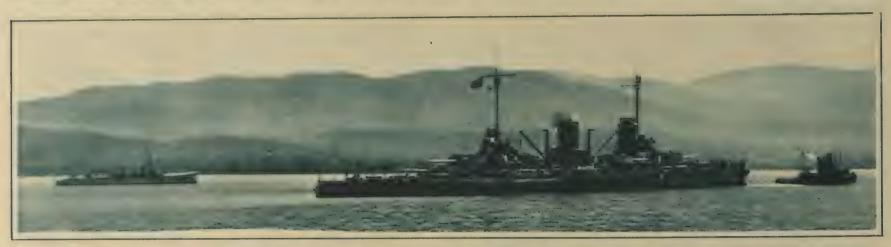
A way to lighten the burden has been found by an eminent mercantile firm, and is described in the

the latter has to pay, and the element of uncertainty, which is, perhaps, the bitterest drop in the cup, is eliminated altogether.

The principle of this scheme is, of course, nothing new; for it has for a long time governed in theory the charges of general practitioners. These have been understood to be founded on the patient's ability to pay, of which the rent of the house in which he lives has been taken as a rough test. Thus, a man living in a house rented at £100 a year would pay double as much for his doctor's visit as one whose dwelling cost only £25, and so on in proportion. These are, indeed, pre-war prices, such as were published in Whitaker's Almanack a few years ago, and although the amounts have altered since the fall in the value of money, the principle remains

profession who decides that an operation is necessary, it has for some time come to be understood that the operator names his own fee, and that it is for the millionaire to say whether he will pay it or not. Therefore it is only the middle class—that between the very rich on the one hand and those who are supposed to be so poor as to need State assistancewho could reap advantage by the new scheme if it were to become universal. How would it affect

The great trouble would, of course, be the furnishing of the necessary certificate. In the scheme discussed in the Lancet, this is provided by the employing firm, who have, of course, either directly or indirectly, the evidence at their disposal. It is impossible, however, that the doctor could in other cases



FLYING THE TURKISH FLAG: THE GERMAN CRUISER "COEBEN" BEING TOWED OUT OF THE GULF OF ISMID BY THE BRITISH DURING OUR BOMBARDMENT OF THE TURKS ON JUNE 16.

After the "Goeben's" escape to Constantinople early in the war, the celebrated German battle-cruiser was ostensibly purchased by Turkey. She was taken charge of by the Allies after the Armistice and moored in the Gulf of Ismid, until her final disposal should be decided on. Meanwhile, as the photograph shows, she flies the Turkish flag .- [Photograph by Nuttall.]

Lancet for this month. The firm has made arrangements with a certain number of distinguished physicians and surgeons to give their professional services to its employees at fees varying with the patient's income from all sources. The reduction from the fees charged to ordinary patients varies, we are told, from 10 per cent. to 60 per cent. for operations, and from 25 per cent, to 100 per cent, for consultation and medical treatment, with a minimum of firs. a visit in all cases. The firm provides the patient with a certificate showing the amount of reduction he is entitled to, and the consultant allows this without enquiry of his own into the evidence on which it is founded. Hence both doctor and patient know at once what

the same. But is it capable of extension both upwards and downwards, and is it likely, in the not very distant future, to govern all doctors' fees?

To the first of these questions, the Legislature has already settled part of the answer by its institution of panel practice. Those who are, in theory, at any rate, least able to pay for their treatment during illness, are charged a minimum fee, to which both the State and their employers contribute, and with this, both doctor and chemist have to be satisfied. At the other end of the scale, things have for some time been going in the direction of the scheme outlined above. If a notoriously rich man-say a millionaire—consults a surgeon at the top of his

satisfy himself as to the patient's means by direct enquiry, and even the general practitioner's scale is, one fancies, of greater service in the country, where everyone has a good idea of his neighbour's rent, than in London, where a medical man is often entirely ignorant of where he who consults him lives. How, then, is the patient to convince the doctor that he is entitled to the reduction of fees that he claims, or to any reduction at all? By producing his income-tax receipts? This would be putting at the doctor's disposal knowledge which would be in many cases as distasteful to him as to Or by some other evidence provided his patient. by the State or some voluntary organisation? In

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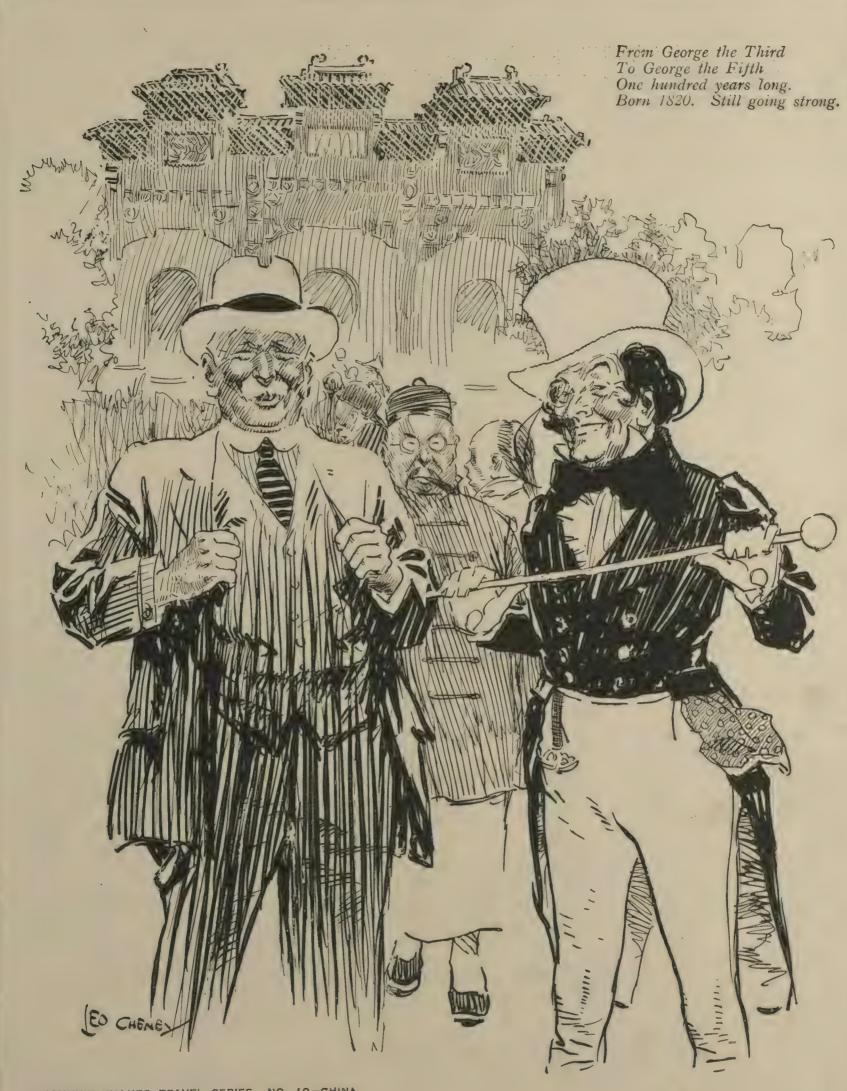
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either case few patients of the class best entitled to relief in the matter would care to submit to the inquisition necessary to give them the desired preferential treatment.

Meanwhile, what would be the effect on the professional income of the doctor? After all, there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and the consultant can only see a limited number of patients during the

working part of these. But if one set of patients are to pay fees on one scale, and the rest on another, it is plain that he must either set apart certain hours at which he can see those paying reduced fees, or raise his charges all round so as to give him a minimum income to set against his own irreducible expenditure. In the last case, he would be taking back with one hand what he professes to give with the other. In the firstnamed, the patient would feel that he was being treated differently from the doctor's other patients, and all the real and supposed evils which attend panel practice would be added unto them. It is therefore extremely unlikely that any change in the direction indicated could be brought about without State intervention. Is this to be wished?

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

A MONG the new stamp issues which have been so numerous of late, few stand out prominently as fine examples of the Excellence of engraver's art. design and perfection of engraving and printing are, strangely enough, associated in philately with the minor countries of the world, which are led to give their atten-

tion to beautiful stamps to attract notice; or, in other words, to advertise themselves throughout the world through the medium of the postage stamp.

The most beautiful set of stamps which has appeared for many a year has recently been issued in the territories ruled by the Mozambique Company, a concern which holds sovereign rights by Royal Charter over a vast area of Portuguese East

These territories under the Company's administration comprise an area of 65,000 square occupying the Sofala and Manica regions, with Beira for the capital and port. For many years the administration has been content with a flat and uninteresting uniform design for its stamps, showing the arms of the Company, but now these are being superseded by one of the prettiest pictorial



One of the prettiest sets of pictorial stamps known to collectors: some of the Mozambique Company's new issue illustrating various products and industries (titled in Portuguese)—(1) Native huts; (2) ivory; (3) maize; (4) rubber; (5) sugar; (6) a scene on the river Buzi; (7) Beira; (8) oranges; (9) cotton; (10) sisal hemp; (11) the Beira railway; and (12) the Courts of Justice at Beira.

Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.

issues known to collectors. The designs in sixteen denominations are all different, and are based on photographs illustrative of the resources of the territories. These are beautifully engraved in the miniature stamp size, and have been printed in admirably selected colours by Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, of London. The values are in the Portuguese currency of centavos and escudos, and range from

a quarter of a centavo to 1 escudo. Each stamp bears a minute inscription giving a title (in Portuguese) to the picture. On the \$\frac{1}{4}\$ centavo, sepia and green, are "Palhotas," or native huts constructed of stakes and poles. The ½ centavo depicts "Marfim' or ivory, and the I centavo, "Milho" or maize. The subjects on the other values are 11 centavos, rubber; 2 centavos, sugar; 21 centavos, a scene on the river

Buzi; 5 centavos, a view of Beira; the 7½ centavos, appropriately coloured, shows orange-trees; 8 centavos, cotton; 10 centavos, sisal hemp (fibre); 15 centavos, a view on the Beira railway; 20 centavos, the Courts of Justice at Beira; 30 centavos, copra (dried cocoanut); 40 centavos, tanning bark; 50 centavos, cattle; and the I escudo, the arms of the Companhia de Moçambique

There are two Portuguese chartered companies which hold sovereign rights over territories in Portuguese Africa, the Mozambique Company and the Nyassa Company, and these, like the British chartered companies, the British South Africa Company, and the British North Borneo Company, issue their own stamps. In the case of the Mozambique Company, the stamps issued by them are necessarily distinct from those of the Portuguese "province" of Mozambique, which comprises the districts of Lourenço Marques, Inhambane, Quelimane, Tete, and Mozambique, all of which have had their own separate stamp issues. The stamps rank equal with any other Government issue, and the people in the territories of the Company enjoy the fullest international postal service in the Universal Postal Union, and also the benefits of a special postal convention with the ad-

jacent British possessions known as the South African Postal Union.

Those travelling in France should note that the train from Rouen, in connection with the Newhaven-Dieppe services to London, has been made twenty-nine minutes earlier, and now leaves at

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU," AT THE NEW.

THE close of the season has brought with it the discovery of a second light-comedy author. After Mr. Reginald Berkeley comes Mr. Noel Coward. Lady Wyndham, who sat watching the début of this young playwright, has always shown herself a good judge of budding talent with a turn for light-hearted satire, and once more she had the pleasure of seeing her confidence ratified by the popular verdict. Will her new protégé turn out to be a second Hubert Henry Davis? Mr. Coward has certainly got plenty of time in front of him to learn more about the technique of his craft, and to rub off some of the surface hardness and ultra-smartness inherent in modern youth. As he grows older he will avoid, no doubt, repeating his effects, and be a little kindlier and more thorough in his handling of human nature; his minor characters will be something more than sketches; his command of wit will grow; and he will not rely so much as in his first play on that type, now a little hackneyed and stagey-the fluffy-brained mother of a family-to provide him with his comic atmosphere. Meantime, he has shown himself possessed of the essentials for success; he writes with high spirits, he has got a genuine sense of humour, and when he is fanciful he is audacious in his fancy. In real life, no doubt, such a flighty creature as Mrs. Dermott, mother of five children, would never have kept her head above water. In real life her children, had their appearance of slackness been a mere masquerade, would not have needed the stimulus of a seemingly rich uncle looking out for an heir to develop into prodigies of industriousness. In real life this benevolent fraud would have been found out in no time by his shrewd nephews and nieces. But youth may be allowed its fling in the playhouse as elsewhere, and Mr. Coward's ingenious idea is so ingeniously worked that the playgoer of sense will not examine the story's improbabilities too closely, but will surrender gladly its rollicking pace and diverting complications. The representation of the play is uneven. Lady Wyndham (otherwise Mary Moore) at her best never bettered Miss Kate Cutler's brilliant study of the

woman of unstable mind; merely to watch this actress struggling till she is enveloped in the sheets of a twenty-four page newspaper is to enjoy the



FRANCE HONOURS A GREAT AMERICAN PIONEER OF AVIATION: THE WILBUR WRIGHT MEMORIAL UNVEILED AT LE MANS.

A fine monument to the memory of Wilbur Wright and the pioneers of aviation was unveiled on July 17, in the Place des Jacobins, near the cathedral, at Le Mans, by M. d'Estournelles de Constant, President of the Aviation Committee of the Senate. Mr. Myron T. Herrick, formerly American Ambassador to France, was The memorial is the work of the sculptor M. Landowski, assisted by M. Bigot, architect .- [Photograph by Topical.]

richest feast of fun, the more so as her feat is done with so little pretence of effort. Again, the impostor of an uncle is handled genially enough by the genial Mr. Holman Clark. But, while Mr. Noel Coward himself plays the cub with the right note of cubbishness, some of his stage-companions give the air of having drifted out of amateur theatricals. This will not do; despite its title, the comedy at the New is the last sort of piece in which actors should leave it to others to make up their deficiencies.

'CHERRY," AT THE APOLLO,

Between them, Mr. Knoblock and Mr. Melville Gideon, as librettist and composer, have turned out in "Cherry" the best musical comedy London has seen for quite a long time; and, since tuneful scores are easily available but good libretti are rare, it is only fair to give Mr. Knoblock a little more than half the credit. When the play opens a crowd of docklabourers are singing a chorus on a Thames-side wharf. That of itself rouses anticipations of novelty which are more than moderately justified. Cherry is a coster heroine who becomes transferred to a West-End setting and is given a West-End sweetheart, but finds life amid the Peerage so full of restraint that she breaks out from her cage one Bank Holiday, and is glad to share old comrades' revelry in the Bohemian atmosphere of Hampstead Heath. Mr. Knoblock and his colleague have been lucky in their chief interpreter, and Miss Marie Blanche is fortunate at last in obtaining a real chance. Always an artist, and blessed with personality as well as an engaging stage presence, Miss-Blanche in her new rôle shows not only that she can sing and charm, but also that she can act, and act as convincingly scenes of pathos as of humour. Her Cherry is no young lady disguised in coster clothes; she is as genuinely of the East End in her manners as in her boots or her hat. dancing-what verve there is in it !--is of the real coster stamp; and she keeps up her accent even in the rendering of a drawing-room sentimental song. Hers is a performance to be seen; but neither should the work of Miss Doris Palston, Miss Enid Sass, Mr. Wilfred Seagram, Mr. Harold Anstruther, and Mr. Clifford Morgan be overlooked; while the whole company might be individually mentioned for their share in the delirious humours of the "Coster Rag."





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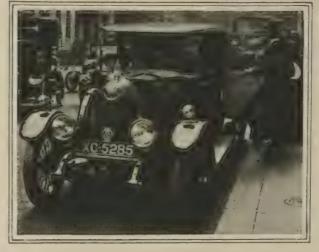


THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

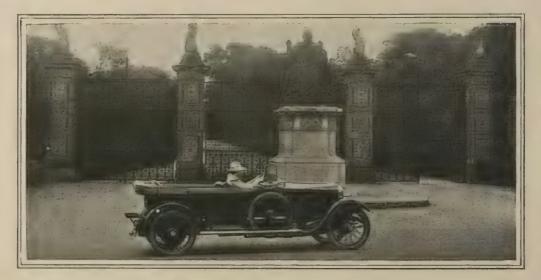
A deputation of the Motor Taxation. Legislation Committee, sentative of all sides of automobilism, waited upon the Minister of Transport last week to interview him on the subject of motor taxation. Introducing the deputation, Sir W. Joynson Hicks pointed out that they represented not merely the users of private cars, but manufacturers, retailers, and concessionaires of every class of private, commercial, and public service vehicles, in addition to more than 3000 motor-hirers throughout the country. They also voiced the opinions of over 200,000 owners of motor vehicles of every description. The deputation were unanimously of opinion that the petrol duties should be retained at a flat rate as the basis of motor taxation in preference to the Government scheme. This, it was explained, was not a question of the owner of the "pleasure' car versus the commercial user. The Motor Legislation Committee had circularised over 1200 of the biggest users of commercial vehicles, 98 per cent. of whom agreed with the policy advocated by the Committee, and only 2 per cent. of whom supported the views enunciated by the Chairman of the Standing Joint Committee of Motor Vehicle

Users, with which the Minister made great play during the debate on the motor clauses of the Finance Bill.

After a good deal of dis-cussion, Sir Eric Geddes said that he did not care how the tax was levied so long as the money required was raised and was founded upon an equitable basis. He wanted to know if it was proposed to tax all fuel, to which Sir W. Joynson Hicks replied that benzole was relaan almost negligible quantity now. A large amount was produced during the war; but the moment the Government demand fell off the output decreased and the gas companies diminished their efforts. It would be as well, he thought, in the national interests to encourage the production of alternative fuels (to petrol) at least for some time



THE KING OF SPAIN'S RECENT TRIP TO ENGLAND: KING ALFONSO IN LONDON ENTERING ONE OF THE COUPÉ COMPANY'S CROSSLEY CARS PROVIDED FOR HIM DURING HIS VISIT.—[Photograph by Topical.]



ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD OPPOSITE THE LATE LORD SALISBURY'S MONUMENT AT THE GATES OF HATFIELD HOUSE: A 25-H.P. VAUXHALL CAR, WITH LUTON-BUILT KINGTON BODY.

The Minister's Views.

In answering the deputation Sir Eric Geddes said that, for

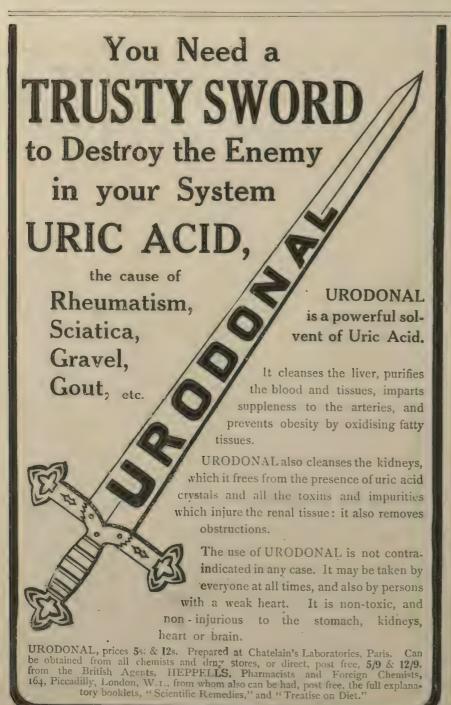
better or for worse, providing they agreed to make the proposed allocation to the assigned revenues, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had undertaken to relinquish all further interest in this taxation. If, as he hoped, they could get along with the amount of money which it was estimated would be forthcoming from the proposed taxes, and if they could with those funds get good roads and a national roads policy, then any excess which was produced over the estimated revenue might be carried forward to another year. If they got too much money, he hoped they would be able to reduce the scale of taxation upon some equitable basis. Finally, he promised to give the whole subject his fullest consideration.

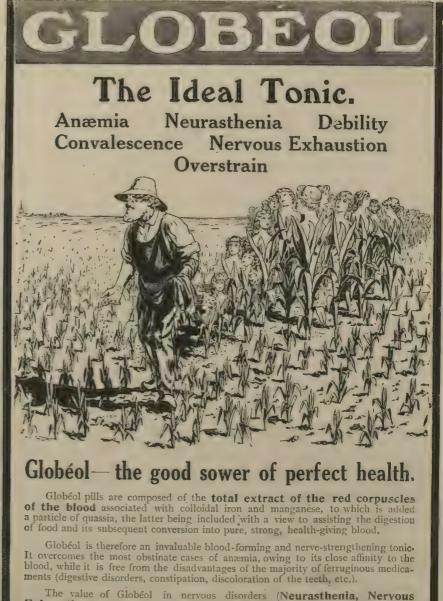
I have quoted these remarks of the Minister from the official report of the deputation, as sent out by the Motor Legislation Committee. I do not profess to know what was in the mind of the Minister, but it does not seem that his remarks carry us very far. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has relinquished all interest in motor taxation. That, I take it, means that he will include in the Finance Bill some provision for raising the moneys asked for by the Ministry of Transport.

If the latter wants to raise

If the latter wants to raise them by means of the horse-power tax, well and good. If, on the other hand, the Ministry favours the petrol tax, the Chancellor will be obliging and get the money that way. On the other hand, it may mean nothing of the sort. I don't know.

If the Ministry does not spend the £8,500,000 it is proposed to squeeze out of the motorist next year, there will be a balance to carry over to the next year's account! That is quite an idea! If I do not get rid of the whole of my income this year, I shall have some money left on Jan. I next. I don't look forward to having anything left by the time the profiteer and the tax-gatherer have done with me, but I should say it is far more probable that I shall have a





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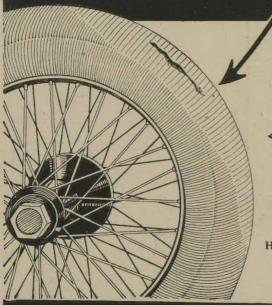
the attention of Physicians in this country, many of whom are prescribing it regularly,

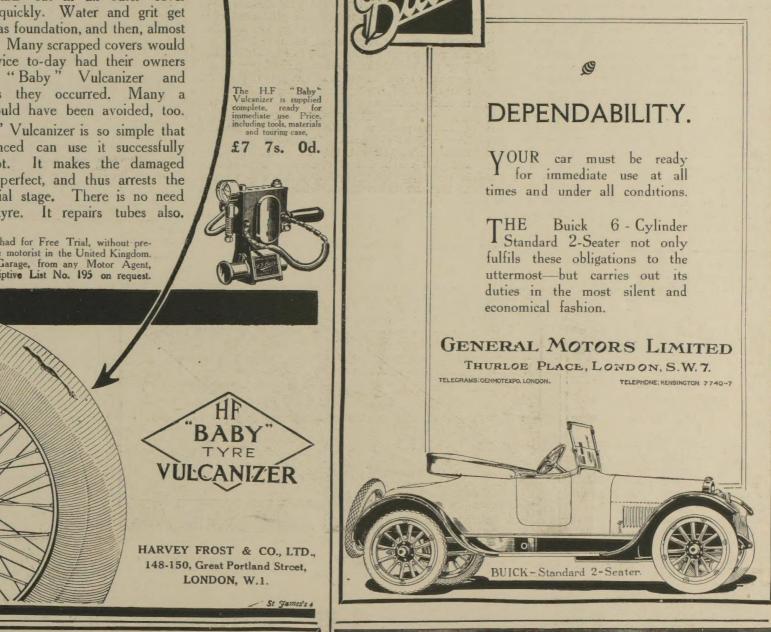
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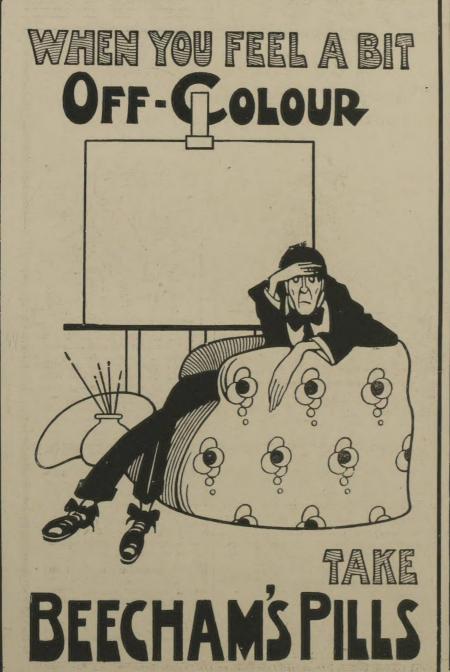
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balance on the right side than that the Ministry of Transport will get through the year without asking for supplementary estimates, let alone carrying over a surplus to another year. If the Ministry "gets too much money," taxation may possibly be reduced! I had not suspected Sir Eric Geddes of being so accomplished a leg-puller. The idea of any of the new Ministries-or the old, for that matter-getting more money than they can spend is really too delicious. Anyway, he has promised to give the whole subject of the mode of motor taxation his fullest consideration, which I read to mean that the fi per horse-power basis will remain and that the deputation might just as well have saved its time.

Prohibition on the Continent.

The fact that both France and Italy have recently prohibited the importation of foreign cars, while

America levies a duty of 45 per cent. on British vehicles, is making people ask why we remain content to open our market to all and sundry on a basis of an import tax on completed cars of 33 1-3 per cent. and 10 per cent. on components. Commercial vehicles come in tax free. It is no part of my business to argue the merits or demerits of comparative policies,

but this sort of thing certainly gives one furiously to think. Here we have an industry struggling to find its feet after years of war disorganisation, and which is almost hopelessly handicapped by the favoured treatment extended to other countries which either shut out our products altogether or heavily penalise them. I am certainly not going to advocate the exclusion of French and Italian cars. But what of the German cars one sees advertised here now as deliverable? Why is this permitted, when, as I have said, our own industry is struggling to re-establish itself? Why, too, should the American car not pay the same duty as is levied on the British vehicle in the United States? A lot of people are asking for the answers to these questions.

In the past one hundred and twelve years the London Female Guardian Society has given many thousands of betrayed, helpless, and fallen women and girls the benefit of eighteen months' training in moral principles, physical well-being, and practical means of livelihood, while numerous casual cases have received shelter and help. In eighty per cent. of its cases the Society has obtained successful results. Within the Metropolitan area

alone, 80,000 women ply a soul-destroying traffic. Many long for a different life, and to heed their cry is the work of this Society, which is in urgent need of new subscribers. An earnest appeal is made for help by sending a donation to the Secretary, London Female Guardian Society, Stamford House, High Street, Stoke Newington, N. 16.

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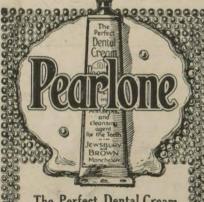
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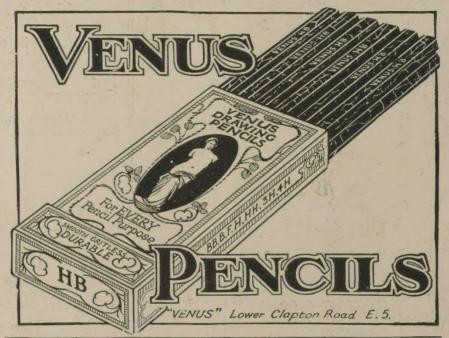
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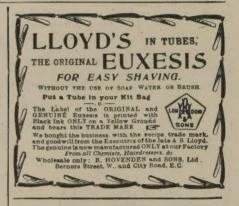
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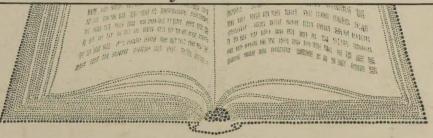




Nº 212

Thursday, August

1710





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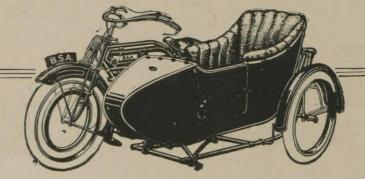
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